Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignoraunce were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath ſworne our Houſkeeping:
Tis deadlie ſinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And ſin to breake it: but pardon me, I am too ſodaine bold,
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth mee.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my comming,
And ſodainelie reſolue mee in my ſuite.
Nau. Madame I will, if ſodainelie I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were awaie,
For youle proue periurde if you make me ſtaie.
Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Kather. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
Kath. How needles was it then to aſke the queſtion?
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Kath. Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeedes too faſt, twill tire.
Kath. Not till it leaue the rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Kath. The houre that fooles ſhould aſke.
Ber. Now faire befall your maſke.
Kath. Faire fall the face it couers.
Ber. And ſend you manie louers.
Kath. Amen, ſo you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gon.
Ferd. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but the one halfe of, of an intire ſumme,
Diſburſed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiud that ſumme, yet there remaines vnpaide
A hundred thouſand more, in ſuretie of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore,
But that one halfe which is vnſatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

And holde faire faiendſhip with his Maieſtie,
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſeth:
For here he doth demaund to haue repaide,
A hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demaunds
One paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, ſo guelded as it is.
Deare Princeſſe were not his requeſtes ſo farr
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make
A yeelding gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And go well ſatisfied to France againe.
Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receit,
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paide.
Ferd. I do proteſt I neuer heard of it:
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeelde vp *Aquitaine*.
Prince. We arreſt your worde.
Boyet you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſumme from ſpciall officers,
Of *Charles* his father.
Ferd. Satisfie mee ſo.
Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To morrow you ſhall haue a ſight of them.
Ferd. It ſhall ſuffiſe me; at which enteruiew,
All liberall reaſon I will yeelde vnto.
Meane time receiue ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honor (without breach of honor) may,
Make tender of to thy true worthines.
You may not come (faire Princeſſe) within my gates,
But here without you ſhalbe ſo receiude,
As you ſhall deeme your ſelfe lodgd in my hart.
Though ſo denide faire harbour in my houſe,
Your owne good thoughtes excuſe me, and farewell.